

THE CANON'S WARD

OR A TALE OF MONEY MADNESS.

By JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER III. 3
Continued.

The eulogium was correct in more than one sense, for Mr. Herbert Perry had been far from successful in his university examinations; but it was curious, considering the rudeness with which the man had been treated, he should have been eulogistic at all.

Scarcely had he left the hall, and ere the attendant had closed the door against the driving rain, when a second young gentleman from the ball-room demanded his cap and gown, and, snatching them from the attendant's hand, followed on the other's heels.

"Well, he is in a hurry!" ejaculated the custodian. "Blest if he ain't gone and left his great coat behind him."

"Why, yes," replied the porter, peering out into the storm; "and to see the way in which he is cutting after Mr. Perry yonder, one would think he was his lady love. They don't look much of a muchness neither, do they? I should say that second one never feathered an oar or doubled his fist in his life."

"A mugger, that's what he is," said the other, contemptuously; "a mugger" (a comprehensive term understood to include all persons with an ambition for university distinction).

Though Adair had pursued his rival (for such, it was clear, whether with good reason or not, he considered him to be) with such precipitation, it was only to make sure that he did not escape him at the outset. Directly he caught sight of him striding rapidly in the direction, as he had anticipated, of Trumpington street, he slackened his pace, contenting himself with keeping him in view. He was wet through, but, though that was a somewhat novel experience for one of his indoor habits, it affected him not the least. The wind blew "shrill, chill," in his face, and cut through his thin garments to the bone; but of that too he was unconscious. The one thought in his mind was, "Will she come to meet him, and where?" That any assignation could have been made between these two seemed indeed most unlikely, or Perry would have not been so disappointed (as he undoubtedly had been) at not seeing Miss Gilbert at the ball; but it was possible—

For a wonder, Perry showed no trace of impatience (which convinced the other that he had been used to wait under similar circumstances), and remained in that statuesque but somewhat strained position till his signal was answered. A bolt was quietly withdrawn, the door softly opened, and after a word or two—as it seemed by the tone—of objection on the part of the person within, the young man was admitted.

When the door had opened to Mr. Perry's signal, it was at the touch of a female hand indeed, but it was not Sophy's.

This woman was much taller, had a somewhat coarse complexion, and wore a cap on her head of that description which is termed "fly-away," much affected by lady's maids. She was good looking, but her eyes were rather too small for her face, and had a cunning look, which, in one of her positions, suggested intrigue. On the present occasion, however, the expression of her face on catching sight of her midnight visitor, was one of mingled alarm and anger. She made, indeed (though this was doubtless but a feint), as though she would have closed the half-opened door in his face had he not thrust in his strong fingers and prevented it.

"You must be mad, Mr. Perry, to come here at such an hour as this," she exclaimed indignantly.

"Why did not your mistress come to the ball?" he inquired sternly and without taking the least notice of her indignation.

"And what is that to you, sir? I mean," she added, alarmed by the heavy frown that gathered on his brow, "what was there in her not going that can excuse your coming here? You have no right—"

"I have a right," he interrupted, with grim distinctness. "Let me in." And ignoring the resistance of her well knit and far from delicate arm as though it were a cobweb, he pushed his way in and closed the door behind him.

"And now, Miss Jeannette Perkins, where is your mistress?"

"Where everybody but a poor lady's maid is, or ought to be at this time of night—asleep in her bed."

"She is not a very early bird in general," observed the young man incredulously, and "especially on ball nights. Why didn't she go to the ball?"

"That is the second time you have asked that question, Mr. Perry, though there's no one so fit to answer it as yourself. How could she go after what happened this evening?"

"I did not hear of anything having happened," returned the young man sullenly.

"Ah, then, I did! What I heard was that while my mistress was sitting at a window of the canon's rooms and the procession was passing, a young gentleman as ought to have known better stood up in a boat and drank her health out of a quart pot."

"I didn't stand up," remarked Mr. Perry indignantly.

"Maybe because you couldn't," was the sharp rejoinder. "Indeed, nobody who was in his right senses could possibly have put such a disgrace upon a young lady."

"I didn't mean to do anything of that kind, of course," said the other, exchanging his injured tone for one of apology.

"I suppose you thought it was paying her a compliment. Her friends, however, did not think so, at all events; and they took care that she should run no risk of another such being paid her the same evening. And that's why my poor dear young lady was not at the ball this evening."

"She could have gone if she chose, for all that, I'll be a shilling," returned the young fellow sulkily.

"Then to come here at this time of night, in your sober senses, with a reckless disregard of all consequences to my dear young mistress, is most vile and abominable."

"I wanted to know why she was not at the ball."

"And Miss Jeannette—though the

submit to chastisement, however well deserved. The other, however, after a brief examination, appeared to ascribe the matter to accident. He had not, it seemed, shut the gate, as he had intended to do, and cursing his own carelessness in not having done so, he passed on.

CHAPTER IV. The Waiting-Maid.

Perry glanced up at the windows; those of the sitting rooms were dark, but a light still glimmered in the top story. He moved rapidly to the back of the house, and took a similar observation of it; that side was dark. Perry uttered his usual exclamation of disappointment, a noun of three syllables, generally understood to be the copyright of divines. He was evidently puzzled what to do. After a moment's reflection, however, he mounted some iron steps that led from the garden to the drawing room balcony, and also to a door which gave egress to some smaller chamber, probably a lady's boudoir; and taking a half crown from his pocket, struck with it the brass around the keyhole twice. Amid the roaring of the wind, the blow was unheard without, but inside the house the noise was probably distinct enough, especially to ears that were accustomed to such a signal. There was a considerable delay, during which Perry stood with one ear at the keyhole, and his foot on the step prepared for instant flight should the expected footsteps sound unfamiliar to him. Adair crouched down behind him, shadowed by a laurel bush, and watched his every motion as a cat of tender years watches a rat of dangerous dimensions.

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name given to her at the baptismal font had in fact been Susan, which suited better perhaps with her patronymic, Perkins pointed to the door with a dramatic gesture worthy of a French melodrama. Her vigorous onslaught had been too much for Mr. Perry; men of his class can seldom stand against a woman's righteous indignation, unless she happens to be his wife. He had come to the Laurels under a vague sense of ill-treatment, he was indignant at Sophy's absence from the ball, and wanted to know the "reason why," partly, perhaps, because he suspected the reason; he knew that he had earned her reproaches by drinking her health on the river, and, therefore, wished to establish a grievance on his own account. But Jeannette had routed him. He took up his battered college cap, and muttering a grudging apology about "not knowing it was quite so late," and an ungracious hope that the young lady's head would not be so bad but that she could be seen the next day, he passed out into the night.

With a swift hand Jeannette locked the door behind him, and stood listening for his heavy step upon the iron stairs.

"Thank Heaven, that's over!" she exclaimed, with a great sigh of relief. "Drat the man, I wish he was drowned!"

The aspiration was a pretty strong one, but there was little doubt of its genuineness. Her eyes had still the fire of indignation in them, her cheeks were still flushed with it; her bosom still palpitated with it quite as much as with her late passionate eloquence. "How Miss Sophy can stand it," she went on, "amazes me. It would wear me to skin and bone. Oh, Jeannette, if he hasn't come back again!"

The interjection was caused by the same tapping on the door lock without, that had already summoned Jeannette from her duties about her young mistress. She had little doubt that she had heard aright, but she was very willing to believe herself deceived. The wind was still roaring and raging, and it was just possible that what she had just heard was but the swinging of the iron gate of the balcony. Surely, surely, after that piece of her mind had been given him, not apparently, with such excellent effect, Mr. Herbert Perry could not desire admittance a second time. Yet, as she listened with painful attentiveness, with her ear at the keyhole, there came again the well-known summons. "It is him, drat him!" she murmured; and with the same precautions as before, but rendered more difficult by the angry trembling of her limbs, she opened the door a little space, when, without making it any wider, to her horror and amazement there slipped in, like a serpent, the attenuated frame of Mr. John Adair.

To be Continued.

What She Remembered.

Husband—"Many people at church this forenoon, dear?"

Wife—"Yes, a large number."

"Good sermon?"

"Delightful."

"What was the text?"

"It was—it was—well, really, I have forgotten."

"Humph! Was Mrs. Purling there?"

"She was."

"What had she on?"

"Well, she had on a fall wrap of very dark Pompeian red cloth, with narrow insertions of black velvet in the sides of the skirt. A small yoke trimming of the velvet covered the upper part of the chest, and was outlined with mixed tinsel braid. A narrow braiding girdled the waist, and the cuffs were ornamented in the same way. It had a cape attachment pleated upon the shoulders, and attached by other pleats at the waist line, giving a dolman appearance to the back. She—"

"That'll do. I don't wonder that you forgot the text!"—Daily Picayune.

The Cement Age.

A man has invented a cement shingle. It is a metal shingle covered with cement, and is really a tile as lasting as stone. As cement becomes more known, and it is learned that every man can make his own cement, there will be a boom in cement building. The great cost of building has been the increased cost for material and the high price of skilled labor. With cement there need be only one skilled man and plenty of common labor, even in building houses.

The price of cement is quite high now, but there are vast supplies and no possible monopoly. Cheap machines for making the blocks and plenty of sand and a little knowledge is the foundation, and the price outside the cities will be cheaper. They are beginning the cement age, and concrete houses will be the houses of the future. Building lumber of good quality is almost impossible and brick and stone are out of reach, so cement is the reliance.—Birmingham Ledger.

Generating Electricity at Pitt's Month.

Of recent years a good deal has been said about generating electricity at the pit's mouth, and transmitting it to various industrial centres. But it would be considerably cheaper to manufacture producer gas at the pit's mouth and transmit it through pipes to the industrial centres, there to use it for driving gas engines for generating electricity and also for heating purposes and furnace work. The question of the distribution and transmission of power must not be confused. For the former it is agreed that there is no agent to compare with electricity. For the latter purpose it is suggested that it is more economical to employ producer gas and piping than electricity and cables.—Scientific American.

He Lost Nothing.

"Harry's mother had given him an apple and told him to peel it before he ate it. Returning to the room after a few moments' absence, and seeing no peeling, she asked:

"Did you peel your apple, Harry?"

"Yes," answered Harry.

"What did you do with the peeling?" she asked.

"Ate them,"—Harpers Weekly.

Household Matters

Device to Cool a Sick Room.

I would like to suggest through your paper to the thousands who are obliged to remain in town during the hot weather—especially to those caring for the sick—my plan for cooling the sick room. I place a pad made of a folded piece of old blanket, on the stone ledge of the window (which the sun keeps very hot), and keep it wet all day. The rapid evaporation keeps the stone perfectly cool, and the air passing over it is perceptibly cooled, and gives much relief to the invalid.—A Nurse.

Facts About Eggs.

A good egg will sink in water. Stale eggs are glassy and smooth of shell.

A fresh egg has a lime-like surface to its shell.

The boiled eggs which adhere to the shell are freshly laid.

Eggs packed in bran for a long time smell and taste nasty.

Thin shells are caused by a lack of gravel, etc., among the hens laying eggs.

After an egg has been laid a day or more, the shell comes off easily when boiled.

If an egg is clean and golden in appearance when held to the light it is good; if too dark or spotted, it is bad.

"Western New York Washing Fluid."

A friend, giving no name, sends the following in answer to E. F. M.'s query in regard to washing greasy overalls: "Take one pound of common washing soda (ash soda) and one-half pound of fresh, unslacked lime (slacked lime will not do); pour over it five gallons of water. Set on the stove and stir until thoroughly dissolved; set off and let settle, and bottle the clear solution; or use jars or jugs, labeling and corking, and set out of the reach of children or careless persons. This is a splendid lye, and will remove dirt or grease. Use one scant teaspoonful to a boiler of water; bring to a boil with half a cake of laundry soap cut up in it. The greasy clothes must first be wrung out of water in which they have been put to soak for a short time, then washed in this boilerful of water. This solution is a great labor-saver, and will make washing almost a pleasure."

If this could be used with a washing machine, much time and strength might be saved.—The Commoner.

To Remedy Damp Walls.

The following simple process is said to effectually do away with all dampness of walls. Applications are made alternately of dissolved castile soap and dissolved alum. Three-fourths of a pound of soap is melted in one gallon of boiling water. The liquid thus obtained is thoroughly beaten to cause a stiff froth. This and the water are then completely incorporated by stirring and made boiling hot. The time for preparing the wall should be after a long dry spell, and as the wall must be as free from moisture as possible this condition can be assisted by the judicious use of fires. Then brush the surface to be covered until as clean as possible. With a wide flat brush coat the surface with the boiling soap preparation, working it back and forth until the wall is covered with small bubbles. Let it remain twenty-four hours to dry out, then apply an alum solution made by dissolving half a pound of alum in four gallons of water. The alum coating may be nearly at blood heat. This should stand a day or two to dry and harden; then another application of soap, the same as the first, must be put on. How many coats are needed depends on the condition of the wall; sometimes half a dozen would be necessary, says Woman's Life. The soap and alum form a coating insoluble in water, and this unites with the material in the wall, filling all of the crevices and making a thoroughly waterproof surface.—New York Telegram.



Oatmeal Muffins—One cup cooked oatmeal, one-half teaspoonful salt, one and one-half cups flour, one-half cup milk, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one egg, two tablespoonfuls sugar and one tablespoonful melted butter.

Grandmothers' Seed Cakes—Use half a cupful of butter, two of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds, and about two cupfuls of flour or enough to roll out, adding to every cupful of flour a scant teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with either lemon or vanilla.

Meat Croquettes—One and one-half cups of cold meat chopped fine, one-half cup of minced fresh celery, two hard cooked eggs chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of gravy. Mix all together, bind with half a cup, or less, of thick white sauce made with milk, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Make into croquettes, egg and crumb them, and fry in hot, deep fat.

Corn Slippers—On the night before needed put one and one-half cupfuls of cornmeal, half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of lard into a bowl, turning over it sufficient boiling water to make a stiff batter. Stir thoroughly and cover closely. In the morning add three well beaten eggs, half a cupful of flour with which a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted, and sufficient sweet milk to make a thick batter. Drop by spoonfuls onto a hot greased skillet, shape with the spoon, cook slowly, and brown well on both sides.—Pittsford

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTemperance.

"The Horse is Not Clean Escaped That Drags the Halter"—Moderate Drinking the Chain That Binds Strong Liquor's Victims.

Somewhere, quite a number of years ago, when a good deal younger than now, the writer heard the expression at the head of this article, and it made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind. There is a world of meaning in that short sentence, "That horse is not clean escaped that drags the halter." Picture to the mind a grand, noble horse; he has been tied up for days and weeks in his stall and is ready for a run. By some means his halter becomes loosened from where it is tied, he finds himself loose, the door of his stable is open and out he bounds, and up and down, all over the field, he races. How free he feels himself, how he scorns the puny efforts of his master to catch him. He realizes his strength and his speed. How weak and slow is human strength and motion compared to his! Is he to be caught and confined again? Not much! If he could speak, how he would boast of his freedom and of his strength and agility to keep forever free. But he drags a halter. That halter will eventually lead to his capture. Either the owner will steal up gently when he is off his watch and grasp the dragging end, or it may get tangled around his legs and fetter him. Could that halter have been left in the manger; could he contrive to slip it off entirely, then he would be indeed free; but, poor fellow, he drags that which, sooner or later, leads to his capture. So, true it is, "That horse is not clean escaped that drags the halter." Now, what is there in this simple but true picture from life for us all to learn? Simply this: There is no middle ground between bad habits and absolute freedom and safety. Yet how many people think they are perfectly safe to take a drink once in a while. They know that drink can never catch and conquer them. They know when to stop and how much they can stand. They can quit at any time. This confidence, this once in a while, is the dragging halter that by and by will lead to capture. Changing the words, that man is not clean escaped from the powers and chains of strong drink that drags the halter of moderate drinking. Two young men stood on the sidewalk and saw a man in middle life go staggering past. They looked at him for a moment and then at each other, when one remarked, "What a fool that man is to make such a beast of himself; he ought to know enough to stop when he has enough!" A few minutes afterward they saw that same man with a new name and the divine blessing. But only after a night of trial and of earnest endeavor to stop. My observation is that no man is so positive that he knows where to stop and that he will do so before he gets full, as the man that has two or three glasses in him already. Before he takes any he is very doubtful whether he dare take one glass; by the time he has two he begins to feel strong and knows he can take another and not show it; can stop there; but, when, three are down he is stronger yet, he can drink three or four times and stop right there, but he doesn't do it. The dragging halter captures him. No, brothers, slip the halter entirely; never leave it, drag it no more, and then you are free; you can't get caught. How many bright young men I have seen dragging this halter! Talk with them and they flush up at once: "What! You think I will ever let liquor get the best of me? No, never; I can stop any time." Why didn't they? That halter caught them; they got tangled up in it.—Home Herald.

Whisky Demoralizing.

"I have defended forty-one men and women for murder in my life, and nineteen out of twenty of the crimes were caused by whisky; I have defended lots of other criminal cases in my life, and I am safe in saying that nineteen out of twenty of them were caused by liquor. Whisky is the most demoralizing thing in the world. Men do not usually drink it to get into a condition to rob and kill, but when they get it in them they are ready for any sort of devilry that comes to hand." This is the declaration of Colonel J. W. Boulware, an eminent jurist, in Fulton (Mo.) Gazette.

Liquor Not Necessary.

Lord Charles Beesford is a staunch teetotaler. "I am now sixty years old," he said recently, "and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits and beer I find I can do as much work, physically and mentally, as I could do when I was thirty, if not more. I am always well, always cheerful, lusty and full of life, and equal with the ups, and always feel fit and in condition. If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary again."

The High Dive Cure.

In Revere, Minn., they take drunkards and give them what is locally called the "high dive cure" by ducking them in a large tank of water situated in a convenient location in town. A couple of dips is all that has been required in any case yet, and one drunk offender from Walnut Grove who was immersed one evening has never shown up in Revere since.—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Significant Utterance.

Sir William Gull, M. D., is credited with the following significant utterance: "A very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcoholic drinks, without knowing it, without being supposed to be poisoned by them. I hardly know any more powerful source of disease than alcoholic drinks. I do not think it is known, but I know alcohol to be a most destructive poison."

Crime Follows Open Saloons.

The reign of crime in San Francisco since the saloons were reopened is almost unparalleled. The city is well high as wicked and lawless as in the vigilance committee days. The ruined city is at the mercy of thugs, and the government is in almost open sympathy with them.

An Invitation to Consumption.

The excessive drinker of spirits, whose breath gives evidence of alcohol thrown off, is permanently injuring his lungs and inviting consumption.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 14, BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: God Gives Jacob a New Name. Gen. 32:9-12. 22-30—Golden Text: Luke 10:20—Memory Verses, 26-28.

The picture of Jacob at the Jabbok is the picture of a man in distress. First he is distressed in mind because of the fear that is in his heart that his brother Esau, whom he so grievously cheated, will wreak a vengeance upon him that Jacob evidently recognizes to be founded on good and sufficient cause. Jacob has escaped from the household and the control of Laban, a wealthy and self-sufficient man. He desires to enter into the land that God had promised to him. But the sin of years ago coming into his immediate thought fills him with terror lest Esau should despoil and humiliate and perhaps slay him. Secondly, Jacob is in distress because God sets His power against him to humble him.

In the midst of his worry over the possibility of defeat by Esau Jacob prostrates himself before God. He pours out his soul in agony, calling upon God as the giver of the mightiest promise of his life to protect him from Esau, the brother whom he had so wronged. There is no mistaking the terror of his mind. Jacob is abject. "I am not worthy of the least of Thy mercies," he says. That is the confession of his unworthiness and of his dire need.

One thing that is noticeable is this, that God answers this prayer of Jacob in a different manner than Jacob evidently expected. Jacob wished to be delivered from his brother. That was the burden and the motive of his prayer. He doesn't make an open request for his own concept of his deliverance, but God answers him in a different manner. He doesn't ask God's forgiveness because of the sin against his brother. He simply desires to be saved from his brother's wrath. But God answers the prayer of this despairing man with distress. He sees that Jacob has no real conception of the enormity of sin that he has no realizing sense of his utter helplessness. He sees that Jacob's terror is simply momentary, that if Esau had not been reported ahead there would have been no prayer. God understands that if Esau can be propitiated by gifts Jacob will lay his deliverance in some measure upon a different man, for which is famous. God perceives that the one thing necessary above all others in the life of Jacob is proof of his helplessness, his actual inefficiency, of his ultimate dependence on God. And so alone in the darkness of the middle of the night until the dawn of day Jacob is tested and tried of God. He emerges with a new name and the divine blessing. But only after a night of trial and of earnest endeavor with God.

This lesson teaches us many lessons. It teaches us first that the recollection of sin remains after many years to rise up and overwhelm us with fear. It teaches us that we have a different man, that we have confessed to God our own abhorrence of our own wickedness. It teaches us in the third place that we must ask God for strength from some other motive save fear of the consequences. It tells us that shrewdness and self-sufficiency and talent cannot avail to save us from sin. It impresses upon us the truth that vision of God can come only after earnest and insistent prayer. Finally it assures us that the prayer and earnest desire of the sinner to be blessed will be granted an answer by God Himself.

Men need to be taught that sin haunts the mind and heart long after it is committed. There is nothing that has greater longevity than the remembrance of a heinous sin. And even as the memory of sin remains with us, so equally is it true that we can have no respite from the awfulness of its memory until we have confessed it to God and fully and earnestly asked His pardon. And we must ask for pardon from some other motive save that we fear the consequences. The sinner who comes to the Almighty merely because he is scared is not likely to receive an enduring vision. A godly fear is a good thing, but far better is it for us to confess our sin and to recognize our unfaithfulness to God. Jacob was as shrewd a man as history records. He was sharp and tricky and calculating and cunning, but all his talent and self-sufficiency were not of sufficient value for him to tie to when he considered his life to be at stake. And if Jacob tied to when he thought of Esau how shall we in the mere strength of our shrewdness escape in the day of reckoning with sin. Certainly that man is a fool who thinks that he can outwit the laws of God. And even as we cannot escape the consequences of sin and its penalties without also, so we cannot enter into a vision of Jehovah and of His salvation until we have striven with Him for the blessing. This vision we all need. This struggle must be the portion of every man who desires to escape from the toils of sin. The adversary will not let us go lightly. God will not bless us unless we earnestly strive and intention and determination to serve Him. But to no earnest man has He ever refused a blessing. We may, if we will, receive, as Jacob, the benediction of the Lord. Whatever may be our measure of iniquity and guilt, the Father stands ready to bless if we earnestly turn to Him in earnest, insistent petition. Each of us may receive a new name, each of us may meet God face to face at Peniel.

Men need to be taught that sin haunts the mind and heart long after it is committed. There is nothing that has greater longevity than the remembrance of a heinous sin. And even as the memory of sin remains with us, so equally is it true that we can have no respite from the awfulness of its memory until we have confessed it to God and fully and earnestly asked His pardon. And we must ask for pardon from some other motive save that we fear the consequences. The sinner who comes to the Almighty merely because he is scared is not likely to receive an enduring vision. A godly fear is a good thing, but far better is it for us to confess our sin and to recognize our unfaithfulness to God. Jacob was as shrewd a man as history records. He was sharp and tricky and calculating and cunning, but all his talent and self-sufficiency were not of sufficient value for him to tie to when he considered his life to be at stake. And if Jacob tied to when he thought of Esau how shall we in the mere strength of our shrewdness escape in the day of reckoning with sin. Certainly that man is a fool who thinks that he can outwit the laws of God. And even as we cannot escape the consequences of sin and its penalties without also, so we cannot enter into a vision of Jehovah and of His salvation until we have striven with Him for the blessing. This vision we all need. This struggle must be the portion of every man who desires to escape from the toils of sin. The adversary will not let us go lightly. God will not bless us unless we earnestly strive and intention and determination to serve Him. But to no earnest man has He ever refused a blessing. We may, if we will, receive, as Jacob, the benediction of the Lord. Whatever may be our measure of iniquity and guilt, the Father stands ready to bless if we earnestly turn to Him in earnest, insistent petition. Each of us may receive a new name, each of us may meet God face to face at Peniel.

Secret Stairway in Palace.

Workmen engaged in renovating the so-called Czars' Palace, at St. Petersburg, Russia, constructed by Emperor Paul, discovered a secret door and a stairway leading to a cell in the basement, where they found a skeleton chained to the wall. History does not offer any explanation of the presence of the skeleton in the cell. This palace, in which Emperor Paul was assassinated, is a mysterious building, containing a number of secret passages, constructed by the Emperor. There is one leading underground to the Fontanka Canal, where, according to tradition, a boat was kept in readiness for the Emperor to escape to the fortress on the opposite bank of the Neva.

Ride in Washington Relic.

An old puny in which George Washington when his Revolutionary headquarters were at Newbury, was shown on the streets of Danbury, Conn., by Albert Rich, of Ridgefield. Scores of people sought the privilege of riding in it. The sleigh has been kept as an heirloom for generations.

The Christian.

Christianity is something definite. It is the divinely revealed religion that comes to us through the personality, words and words of Jesus Christ. It is not what some nice and well behaved people may happen to advocate. To be a Christian, one must fall in line with Jesus Christ, accepting Him personally as the true Saviour, and believing His doctrine as they come to us through the divinely inspired pages of the Word of God.

Trade of South Africa.

The returns of the South African customs statistical bureau, which have just been published, show that the imports in 1906 into British South Africa amounted to \$156,946,000, while the exports for the same period were \$212,910,000. The imports via Portuguese ports, which are included in the above figures, amounted to \$20,683,000. The exports via Portuguese ports were only \$1,676,700.

Population of Prussia.

The population of Prussia increased by about five per cent in 1897. It is now near



The Law of the Word. A vivid picture of the true Bible student is given in the vision of Ezekiel (2 and 3). The prophet, describing I call to his sacred office speaks of a roll being sent to him containing the words of the Lord. And in four words there is set forth not only the secret of Ezekiel's commission and power, but the commission and power for all the